The Jolly Welsh-Woman.

Who drinking at the Sign of the *Crown* in *London*, found a Spring In her Mugg, for Joy of which hur Sung the praiſe of Old *England*, reſolving never to return to *Wales* again.

Tune of, *Hey brave* Popery, *&c.*

Licenſed according to Order.

There was an Old woman came out of North Wales,
And up to fair London her merrily Sails,
It was for her pleaſure Cuts-plutter-a-nails,
Sing O brave *Welſh* Woman, Jolly brave *Welſh* Woman,
Delicate *Welſh* Woman O.

As ſoon as hur came into fair London town,
Hur went to an Ale-houſe the ſign of the Crown,
In order to tipple hur ſtreight did ſit down,
Sing O brave *Welſh* woman, *&c.*

Hur being a weary and willing to reſt,
Hur would not be one of the worſt of the Gueſt,
But call'd for a pitcher of Ale of the beſt,
Sing O brave *Welſh* woman, *&c.*

The Tapſter then giving the jugg in her hand,
The Welſh woman ſtreight on hur feet ſhe did ſtand,
And drank a good Health to hur King of England,
Sing O brave *Welſh* Woman, *&c.*

Now while her had gotten the jugg at her ſnout,
And being both lufty, courageous and ſtout,
Hur gave it a tug, 'till her ſwigg'd it half out,
Sing O rare *Welſh* woman, *&c.*

The Tapſter he ſee her to be of that ſtrain,
And how ſhe did tipple the Liquor amain,
Thought he I will fill up thy pitcher again,
Sing O brave *Welſh* Woman, Jolly brave *Welſh* Woman,
Delicate *Welſh* Woman O.

The Jolly Welsh-Woman.

Who drinking at the Sign of the *Crown* in *London*, found a Spring In her Mugg, for Joy of which hur Sung the praiſe of Old *England*, reſolving never to return to *Wales* again.

Tune of, *Hey brave* Popery, *&c.*

Licenſed according to Order.

There was an Old woman came out of North Wales,
And up to fair London her merrily Sails,
It was for her pleaſure Cuts-plutter-a-nails,
Sing O brave *Welſh* Woman, Jolly brave *Welſh* Woman,
Delicate *Welſh* Woman O.

As ſoon as hur came into fair London town,
Hur went to an Ale-houſe the ſign of the Crown,
In order to tipple hur ſtreight did ſit down,
Sing O brave *Welſh* woman, *&c.*

Hur being a weary and willing to reſt,
Hur would not be one of the worſt of the Gueſt,
But call'd for a pitcher of Ale of the beſt,
Sing O brave *Welſh* woman, *&c.*

The Tapſter then giving the jugg in her hand,
The Welſh woman ſtreight on hur feet ſhe did ſtand,
And drank a good Health to hur King of England,
Sing O brave *Welſh* Woman, *&c.*

Now while her had gotten the jugg at her ſnout,
And being both lufty, courageous and ſtout,
Hur gave it a tug, 'till her ſwigg'd it half out,
Sing O rare *Welſh* woman, *&c.*

The Tapſter he ſee her to be of that ſtrain,
And how ſhe did tipple the Liquor amain,
Thought he I will fill up thy pitcher again,
Sing O brave *Welſh* Woman, Jolly brave *Welſh* Woman,
Delicate *Welſh* Woman O.

The jugg hur had plac'd on the Bench by her ſide,
To which the young tapſter did cunningly ſlide,
And fill'd it as if it had been a full tide,
Sing O brave *Welſh* Woman, Jolly brave *Welſh* Woman,
Delicate *Welſh* Woman O.

Now her did not know how her pitcher did fill,
Therefore her did ſay with a merry good will,
Here's Tipple and drink, and her Pitcher full ſtill?
Sing O brave *England*, Jolly brave *England*,
Delicate *England* O.

The praiſe of this Nation Cuts-plus her will ſing,
Hur never had known ſuch a wonderful thing,
Tho' juggs in this land has a delicate ſpring,
ſing O brave *England*, &c.

Once more ſhe ſaluted the lips of her mugg,
And gave it a hearty and dextrous tugg,
The Tapſter once more he did fill up her jugg,
ſing O brave *England*, &c.

The Liquor up into her Noddle did ſteel,
The Floor with hur feet then hur hardly could feel,
So that hur began for to ſtagger and reel,
ſing O brave *Welſh* Woman, &c.

Hur ſwore hur would never to Wales any more,
For here hur has taſted Rich liquor good ſtore,
The like in all Wales hur had ne'er drank before.
ſing O brave *England*, &c.

Hereafter hur never will honour the Leek,
This was the beſt Nation as e're hur did ſeek,
Here's liquor of life that will make a Cat ſpeak,
ſing O brave *England*, &c.

In praiſe of this liquor hur Cap up ſhe flung,
For why it Created an Eloquent Tongue,
Beſides it will make an Old Woman look young,
ſing O brave Nappy Ale, Delicate Nappy Ale,
Dainty fine Nappy Ale O.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.